

F. COSBY,
JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER, } EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE, DEC. 23, 1848.

We send, occasionally, a number of the EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that by a perusal of it, they may be induced to subscribe.

The communication in regard to the Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky is from the pen of one who can rightly speak with confidence and decision upon the subject.

We thank the writer for the assurance which he has given us of his satisfaction with the Examiner. We trust that his other engagements and duties may not prevent him from devoting his powerful intellect to the furtherance of the cause in which, we know, his heart is enlisted.

Whom Does Slavery Drive Away?

It is a favorite argument with pro-slavery men that if the friends of emancipation triumph, many wealthy and valuable citizens will leave the State. We have no doubt that some such may leave, though the number, we believe, will be much less than is anticipated. But it is altogether a matter of uncertainty whether few or many, or any good citizen will leave Kentucky in consequence of emancipation. Time only can determine.

But it is not a matter of uncertainty whether in consequence of slavery any will leave us. Time has already determined that. Hundreds and thousands of good, substantial citizens have already left their beloved State on account of the peculiar institution, and if that institution is to be fastened upon the State in perpetuity, many hundreds and thousands more will leave.

And who are they whom slavery drives away? Men, like the writer of the subjoined letter, had working, straightforward men; men, it may be, of small means, but of large hearts; men to whom labor is honorable; who prize education for their children; to whom Kentucky is dear, but freedom far more dear. Such men our State can ill afford to lose. It is the presence of such men in large numbers, held in respect and honor, which constitutes the property and true wealth of a community. But it is precisely men like these whom the ultra-pro-slavery spirit rejoices to see banished from their native soil. And why? Because these hard-working, industrious, enterprising citizens stand directly in the way of the gradual consummation which is dearer than all things beside to the heart of pro-slavery. And what is that consummation? An organization of society in which there shall be but two classes, the rich in slaves and lands, to whom labor shall be alike unnecessary and dishonorable, and slaves doomed to perpetual toil and degradation.

Such is the ultra-pro-slavery man's bewilderment of a commonwealth, an aristocracy resting on irresponsible despotism. Of course, the presence of industrious, respectable and useful men, with humble means, who could not own slaves of their own, and would not if they could, is a great obstacle in the way of such political and social organization. Over their exile from their native clime, an enviable voluntary appearance on a reality compulsion, pro-slavery has no tears to shed.

But we cannot dwell upon these thoughts. We close by calling our readers' attention to the following letter, which has occasioned our previous remarks.

FROM COUNTY, Ia., Dec. 4th, 1848.

MEANS, EDITOR:—I enclose two dollars for the Examiner. I see from the number of my last paper that the year is half gone, and I have neglected sending my second year's subscription until now. Better now than never. I intend to continue to be a subscriber. I am a Kentuckian by birth. I left Bourbon county where I was born, at 22 years of age, and came to where I now live. During the 14 years that I have been here, I have been back on business some six or eight different times, and by contrast, I see the difference between free and slave States. Slavery not only wrongs the blacks but injures the whites. There is a want of that economy which is to be seen in the free States. The blacks are not interested in their work, the whites are above it, and hence the lack of that improvement and prosperity which are seen where slavery does not exist.

Yours, &c.

Virginia and Kentucky.

It is enough to call the blash of shame to the cheek of every true American, to see that the leading organ of the administration, the paper which is published at the seat of our National Government, and is the leading supporter of all the measures of the administration, is the open, avowed, and we may add, unrepentant advocate of the system of African slavery. Yes, the organ of the Democratic party at the capital of the country, is in the habit of sneering at every man who has the manliness to express his disbelief in the righteousness of slavery, and of uttering contempt for every measure designed to limit the influence of slavery in this Republic.

An unsophisticated foreigner, emitted with the love of the "Mountain Nymph, Sweet Liberty," who should look into the columns of the national organ of the Democracy, would be amazed at finding in one column of that paper fervid eulogiums on the Democratic tendencies of the age, as indicated in the political convulsions now in progress in Europe, while in the next column he would find rabid denunciations of all those men in this country, who, in accordance with the spirit of the Democracy, a spirit which is no respecter of classes or colors, lift up their voices in behalf of the oppressed of our own nation. Such inconsistency would puzzle a foreigner who should look into the Democratic organ for light on the subject of human rights, and the great doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

It is melancholy to compare the present language of the venerable editor of the Government organ, with that he uttered years ago. His age impaired his judgment that he cannot now see in the perpetration of negro slavery all those incalculable evils which he depicted with such power many years ago. In 1829, Mr. Ritchie was the earnest advocate of Emancipation. At that time, in the honesty of his heart, he could not reflect on the great evil the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia was inflicting on herself by longer tolerating the existence of slavery within her borders, without the deepest sorrow. In eloquent tones he called on those in power in his native State, to exert all their influence toward her liberation from the awful curse which blighted her fair fields, and converted what were designed for garden spots of earth, into landscapes where the eye could see only desolation. At that time, while speaking of the infinite harm slavery was doing to Virginia, he said:

"Yes, something must be done—and it is the part of no honest man to deny it—of no free press to affect to conceal it."

"When this dear population is growing upon us—when every new census is but gathering its appalling numbers upon us—when, within a period equal to that in which this Federal Constitution has been in existence, those numbers will increase to more than two millions within Virginia—when our sister States are closing their doors upon our blacks for sale—and when our whites are moving westwardly in great numbers than we like to hear of—when this, the fairest land on all this continent, for soil, the climate, and situation combined, might become a sort of garden spot, if it were served by the hands of white men alone, can we, ought we, to sit quietly down, fold our arms, and say to each other, 'Well, well, this thing will not come, to the west in our day. We will leave it to our children, and to our grand-children, and great-grand-children, to take care of themselves, and to brave the storm.' Is this to act like men?—Heaven knows we are no fanatics—we detect the madness which actuated the *Amia de Noire*. But something ought to be done. Means, means, rest."

but gradual—systematic, but discreet—ought to be adopted for reducing the mass of evil which is pressing upon the South, and will still more press upon her the longer it is put off. We ought, out loud, our eyes not averted from our faces. And though we speak almost without a hope that the Committee or the Legislature will do anything at the present session to meet this question, yet we say now, in the utmost sincerity of our hearts that our wisest men cannot give too much of their attention to this subject—nor can they give it too soon."

Well, the system of slavery still exists in Virginia, and all its blighting influences are still active there. But where is the voice of her sentinel? Alas, its clarion tones ring no longer with warnings against the perpetration of slavery. The eye that then was pained as it wandered over fields desolated by slavery, is pained no longer. Instead of calling on his fellow-citizens to unite together in the great and glorious work of redeeming the State from a system of bondage that blighted the joys of home, and withers the flowers of social happiness, as well as sears and bleeds the fields, he is now engaged in justifying those who seek to perpetuate this bondage, and in condemning as traitors all who echo the sentiments that he spoke years ago when his mind was in the freshness and fullness of its strength.

Virginia has, since Mr. Ritchie so eloquently denounced the withering influence of slavery, been experiencing still more bitterly its many bitter evils. Her patriotic sons are deserting the hearts of their forefathers for stranger homes. The free States of the North-west, which are girding themselves for a race of true national greatness and renown, are every year enriched with immigrants from Virginia whose hearts have sickened as they contemplated the intense curse of slavery, as it lay like a black cloud on the soil and exhaled its pestilential influence on the social circle. Such men, the very bone and sinew of Virginia, the worthy descendants of those great and good men who were nourished on her bosom in the last century, are deserting their native homes for others in the States where slavery is not known, and where the soil and society are not suffering from any hopeless paralysis of their energies. Our own Commonwealth is not yet so far gone in the fatal embrace of slavery, but that she is able to rally her energies and throw the incubus from her breast. We rejoice that the example of the mother State has not been lost on the daughter, and that Kentucky, looking at the rail and desolation that slavery has brought on Virginia, has resolved, before it is too late, to redeem herself from thralldom, and to stretch out her hand and grasp the greatness and prosperity which nothing but the wretched system of African slavery can prevent her reaching. The collapse of Virginia's greatness is one of the most melancholy of spectacles. Let Kentucky be warned by her example and be wise before it is too late: before the fatal system has, like a foul canker, eaten too far into her strength to permit her to rise.

There are no people who cherish the feeling of State pride more devotedly than Virginians. So profoundly are they attached to their State, that they would not think of expatriating themselves under the influence of any force other than that of necessity. They look around them and they see nothing but wreck and ruin and desolation. There is no sign of prosperity in all the wide landscape before them. Fields once fertile, but now smitten with sterility, frown in every direction, and there is nothing to cheer them in the present, or to stimulate their hopes of the future. A leaden languor reposes over every interest. They then cast their eyes towards these younger commonwealths that have recently started on the career of national prosperity and renown. The contrast is overpowering, and with sighs upon the lip and tears upon the cheek, they bid adieu to the old familiar things that make the haunts of their boyhood precious to their hearts. Go where you may in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and you will find men who have been driven, reluctantly, from the Old Dominion. Ask any one of the thousands who will tell you, why he left his early home, and there is but one answer to that question. Slavery is banishing from Virginia a large majority of her best and most enterprising sons. Every year her case becomes more hopeless, and unless she speedily rises and with the strength still left her, throw off the incubus, she must sink lower and lower in the political horizon. Can any Kentuckian look at Virginia and refrain from vowing eternal hostility to slavery?

The Slave a "Boy."

Not long ago we attended a meeting which had been called to hear a report made by a colored man, who had just returned from Liberia, to which country he had been sent by the colored portion of this community to acquire information for their satisfaction. After the delegate had concluded a favorable report of the condition of things in that country, one who had been a citizen of Liberia for three years rose to make some remarks. Though his language was to the most unpolished kind, he became really eloquent while describing the state of his brethren in this country, and showed himself a shrewd observer. One of his remarks struck us as particularly forcible. "In Liberia," said he, "you may be a man. You obey laws which you have assisted in making. If you are not qualified for acting as a legislator yourself, you may look forward to the time when your children may be qualified. But here you can never be a man. You are called *boy* when you are as grey as a rat, and you are a *boy*. I never felt the full force of that term till I saw my return to this country. Now, whenever the name is applied to me, I feel our degradation. Here we are *boys*—we are not men."

"This term though it may not have been so intended, expresses a great deal. The slave can never attain to manhood. He is doomed to poverty. However well he may be treated by a kind master, he is never more than a *boy*. He may have religious instruction offered to him; but the privilege of judging for himself he can never enjoy. He is dependent on human beings for that which he must be dependent on God alone. He must receive without question that which falls from the lips of frail humanity. The human being who gives him religious instruction is as a God to him. He knows nothing more than what he, who stands in the place of God to him, allows him to know. His stomach may be filled with food—so is that of the beast. He may receive good attention during sickness—so does the beast of the field. But the slave is so far elevated above the brute that he sees the paradise which he cannot enter, and is thus deprived of the bliss given by ignorance."

Louisville Manufacturers.

We would call attention to the card of Messrs. Woodruff & McBride, in another column. These gentlemen are extensively engaged in manufacturing Planes of excellent quality, at their Manufactory on Madison street. At their store on Third street, a large and general assortment of Hardware may be found, which they will sell as low as any establishment in the West. Their planes they warrant to be what they sell them for.

A Fable for the Day.

A correspondent of the London Times relates the following fable: One day a traveler, met the ploughing folk in Calro, and accosted it thus: "For what purpose are you entering Calro?" "To kill 3,000 people." "Soon after the same traveler met the ploughing folk, and said, 'But you killed 3,000?' 'Nay,' the plougher replied, 'I killed but 3,000—fear did the rest.'"

We learn that Rev. Mr. Lyon, a Presbyterian clergyman of St. Louis, is delivering a course of sermons in this city to prove that slavery is a "Bible and Providential" Institution.

We take the liberty of sending him a copy of the "Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky," that he may see how deplorable is the condition of his brethren here, and perchance take pity upon them and come to their rescue. We assure him that a wide field for labor is open before him, that a vast majority of his brothers are groping in midnight darkness. So impotent a veil has been thrown over the countenance of slavery, that they have not the remotest conception of its evangetic features. The thought has never entered their minds, that its rays beams with gospel love, that around its mouth plays a winning smile of spiritual affection, and that every lineament reflects the light of Heaven. If Mr. Lyon does not hasten hither and tear away the veil, many of his brethren will go to the grave in their deplorable ignorance and delusion. Poor, pitiable men! To spend life in the presence of this institution, all the while dreading, deploring it as a curse, when in fact, it is one of Heaven's choicest blessings! We have often heard it said that afflictions are blessings in disguise, but, truly, slavery is the most thoroughly disguised blessing that we ever knew. So completely is its real character hidden, that we experience a sensation of awe, whenever we detect the intellectual greatness and the moral keenness which must belong to the man who can pierce through the disguise and bring its genuine character to view. In comparison with his, the powers of vision possessed by the subjects of mesmerism, who see through the tops or sides of their heads, sink into insignificance. Such a man must be capable of seeing through the bark of his head, and there we believe his spiritual eyes must be placed, whatever position his bodily eyes may occupy. How fearful the responsibility attendant upon the possession of such powers! Their possessor should not be content with toiling all day for the enlightenment of mankind. By night should he labor also. Indeed, we should think the night the more pleasant season for work to him, for in his darkness must be as light, and to his keenly sensitive eye, the light of day must be intolerable.

For the Examiner.

MEANS, EDITOR:—A writer under the signature of "A Presbyterian," in your paper of Dec. 2d, has given what he terms a "simple statement of facts" in relation to the address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky, by a committee of the Synod. The statement contains a variety of mistakes, and conveys an impression that the committee acted without proper authority when they published the address. The mistakes of the writer (an intentional I do not doubt), do injustice to the committee, and weaken the authority of the document—and of course they deserve correction.

The Synod, in 1834, (not "in 1830 or 1831," as your correspondent states) passed a series of resolutions favoring Instruction and Gradual Emancipation, (not "Gradual Emancipation and Colonization," as your correspondent states) and appointing a committee to draft a plan of instruction and emancipation on the basis of these resolutions, accompanying it with an address to the members of our churches urging its adoption; and to lay this plan and address before each of the Presbyteries, that they might take action upon the subject. The Committee met, appointed a Secretary, agreed upon the details of the plan, and directed the Secretary (not "the Chairman," as your correspondent states) to draft the address and re-assemble the committee as soon as it was prepared. A majority of the committee assembled agreeably to notice, and after hearing it read unanimously approved of the whole document. The Secretary was directed, in conformity with the instructions of the Synod, to publish the address in pamphlet form, (not "in the papers of the day," as your correspondent states) and to send a copy to each church session, and to the Moderator of each Presbytery. The committee in all their proceedings acted according to the directions of the Synod. If one or two members of the committee did not see the address as it was published, it was because they did not attend the meeting of the committee—of which meeting due notice was given to all the members. If the address was not submitted to the Synod for its adoption, it was because the Synod had directed that another disposition of it should be made.

The resolutions of the Synod were drawn up by the late Judge Green and the writer of the address, and were fully as strong as the address and the plan which were based upon them. These resolutions were passed in a full Synod and by a large majority of votes. Colonization was not mentioned in the resolutions—not because the Synod was not favorable to the colonization cause, which it has always been, but because it was deemed best to present simply a plan of instruction and emancipation, leaving it to masters to provide for their emancipated bondmen in whatever way might seem to each one the most advisable.

The abolition riots in the East, which occurred during the summer of 1835, subsequent to the adoption of the resolutions, and just previous to the presentation of the plan to the Presbyteries, produced, for a season, a sensitiveness in the public mind and a jealousy of all movements in favor of freedom, which prevented most of the Presbyteries from taking any further action on the subject. The time was regarded by many of the warmest advocates of emancipation, as unfavorable for pressing any plan, in consequence of the disturbed state of popular feeling, produced by the violent movements of the abolitionists and their opponents. Only one of the Presbyteries took any action either approbatory or condemnatory of the plan and address. The Presbytery of Transylvania directed the address to be read to each of its churches, and recommended the plan for adoption by each of its church members.

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE OF SYNOD.

Game of Flowers.

Mr. C. M. Beckwith, at the "Maxwell bookstore," has presented us with a set of cards for playing the "game of Flowers, or Floral Whist." The publisher says, "The study of the language of flowers is not only interesting to most of the female sex, but is becoming more and more an essential part of a fashionable education of a young lady, not of a substantial one; and the day is not far distant, when every one pretending to a polite education, will be able to."

"Gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the risk of his heart in flowers."

This is not the occasion on which to advocate the beauty of advantage of this study. Suffice it to say, that the game of Flowers, embracing, as it does, one of the largest lists yet published, of flowers that are used to express a sentiment, affords not only a delightful course of amusement for old and young, of either sex, but is a simple and expeditious mode of fixing the sentiments of flowers indelibly on the memory.

Mr. Beckwith has a large assortment of gift books arranged for the approaching holidays. His assortment contains books of all kinds—the most splendidly illustrated English works, the most beautiful works that have issued from the American press, illustrated editions of standard works, annuals, pictorial books for children, &c. It is a pleasure to look at the books, even if one does not wish to buy.

EP The communication of "Moses" was received too late for this week's paper. It will appear in our next.

The writer of the following article says, "I was brought up among slaves. I have scarcely a relation that does not own them—my father largely."

To the Editors of the Examiner:—I admit that your reply to President Shannon's address is sufficient, and all that the friends of Emancipation could reasonably desire, yet I feel so much pity for such sentiments, and for the christian who can utter them, that I must ask your indulgence while I add a few words to what you have said.

President Shannon talks somewhat grandiloquently about the philosophy of certain things, as many have done before him, without favoring the reader with a glimpse of the philosophy he speaks about, if truth and reason be elements of his philosophy.

The President says the philosophy of negro slavery consists in its proper adaptation to the wants, necessities, and happiness of mankind, including master and slave. If the social and political experience of men in all ages, and especially of the people of the United States, in regard to the effects of African slavery, upon the well-being of society, be taken as the standard of truth in relation to this matter, then I can say, without fear of proof to the contrary, that slavery in no form has subserved the wants, necessities, and happiness of mankind. The common and better instincts of humanity have at all times been in opposition to human oppression, in whatever form it presented itself. None but tyrants have been the advocates of slavery, or even can be; though many professing to be filled with the milk of human kindness for their species, in honeyed words sing the ayren song of "All is well," whilst they rivet the chains of slavery more closely.

Mr. Shannon, in his address, teaches the doctrine that the African, in his bondage here, is undergoing a state of probation as a consequence of his moral degradation and general unfitness for civil liberty; but he does not inform us what this probation shall end; though the inference is irresistible from his premises, that it must cease when the subject has had his heathenism and ignorance corrected. Though this is the legitimate conclusion from his position, yet, in defiance of the absurdity in which it involves him, the President wades on through many passages of doubtful or not well-understood scripture, to prove that slavery may, or ought to be perpetual, regardless of the fact that the slave may have become a better man than his master.

Does the President mean that the institution of slavery exists by Divine appointment, never to cease, except by another revelation of the Divine mind, revoking it? If this be his opinion, then he stands excused, by us at least, of any sin on account of his advocacy of slavery. At the same time, we who entertain different notions—and there are millions of us who do, and practice upon them—have some slight grounds at least, to look out for a visitation upon us of the wrath of Heaven, for our wilful opposition to his divine decrees. As well might we set at naught the institution of the Sabbath, the Lord's supper, Baptism, or any other of the divine ordinances, as this of slavery, if it have the seal of God upon it, for the eternity of its existence. Prove to me that the Bible authorizes the present or any other form of slavery, except from dire necessity, and I shall have no hesitation in rejecting the whole Bible, for that single reason, as the mere product of man. But I reason differently. Many things were permitted, by Christ and the Apostles, which they by no means gave their sanction; and yet they advised concerning them. Christ taught the world that ignorance was detrimental to human happiness, and that knowledge was a part or element of godliness; yet he did not set up a school, and take the lead in teaching the world Astronomy, or the Art of Navigation, which was so important to facilitate the spread of the gospel in distant lands. He was aware of the great inconvenience of this ignorance of the people, and could, no doubt, have remedied it if he had wished so to do; yet he permitted it to exist. From which we are not to suppose he sanctioned it. He left men to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, by the aid of the general principles of action taught in his precepts, revealed to us for our guidance.

The people of Kentucky will not now look to Genesis or Exodus for light in conducting their political affairs. They will act upon the prophecies laid down by President Shannon, "that happiness is the true end and aim of our being," and wisely use those means—be they what they may—which give the best promise of success, even though it be to rid the State of slavery. I am not advocating the claims of the negro, but of the white man, to our aid.

The best and happiest condition of both races can be found only in their entire separation; and though the negro should be the sufferer by this process, yet a principle of self-preservation justifies the white man in seeking the result. "The greatest good to the greatest number" affords a rule of action founded in truth and justice, from which the injured minority have no right to appeal. The will come up in the history of Kentucky, when dire necessity will force us to form a principle of self-preservation, to get rid of the slave population either peacefully or by forcible means. As wise men, we should anticipate this coming and growing trouble, by removing in time, whilst we can without much inconvenience, this cause of difficulty. The limits of slavery, throughout the civilized world, are being more and more circumscribed from year to year, and shall Kentucky be a portion of that limited space upon which slavery shall eventually be accumulated, with all its sickening and blighting concomitants. Let others do as they will, but as for Kentucky, she will consult wisdom, I hope and believe, and save herself from as great a calamity.

GREEN RIVER.

Thoughts on Gradual Emancipation.

The attempt was made, in a former article, to show that the conviction for a long time has been nearly universal in Kentucky, that slavery is uneconomical to a ruinous extent; but that yet there were multitudes who would still cling to it from habit, from inexperience as to what they should be able to do without it, from indifference and love of luxury and ease, though with the certainty of inevitable loss; and from a chivalrous feeling of compassion towards the weaker and better sex, under the false idea, if slaves were withdrawn, that their mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, must, of necessity be reduced to the performance of the most servile offices. Until this utterly erroneous impression is removed, it is believed that the shifts of a poor gentleman would be preferred by many with slaves to perform such offices, to the condition of substantial wealth without them.

The answer to all this sophistry, trenches, I am aware, upon the ground taken in your editorial columns that you do not mean to discuss the merits of the various schemes advanced for redressing the grievances under which we groan. If I understood you aright, you did not thereby intend to enforce the same rule upon your correspondents. I highly approve and commend your "masterly reserve." Neither is it my intention to venture far upon this debatable ground. Only the line of my remarks obliges me to state the probable working of various schemes (without pretending to weigh or compare their respective merits), in order to show that, under any probable, I had almost said any possible contingency, there will be likely to be left to us a remnant of the colored race, sufficient, for a generation or

two, abundantly to serve us, in the more menial offices.

It is a sad necessity, as it seems to me, that we must for a long while yet, look upon slaves as property. Those who own them are justly entitled to look to the Commonwealth, which has legalized property in them, for ample indemnity, should any rash interference be attempted "with their vested rights." To my mind this is an all-sufficient argument against immediate abolition, (not to mention its shocking cruelty to the slave himself). For who could stand the enormous taxation which would be rendered inevitable by the attempt to buy up all the slaves in Kentucky, in order to inflict the curse of instantaneous freedom upon the slaves before they are prepared to use it aright?

I take the bearing of all this to be, that any wise or legal mode of approaching this question must make emancipation so very gradual as not to sensibly affect, immediately, the monetary value of the slave. If so, then no question need, at present, be raised, as to what shall be done with them when they are free. And of course those who are now served in all the unpleasant and menial offices of life, will continue, for this generation, to be served in like manner to the end of their days. Very gradually other habits and other resources will spring up. A free white population will take the place of the present colored laborers, faster than they would wear away under any wise and judicious system, for the guarded and gradual removal of the evil in question. Indeed, should the present convulsions of Europe long continue, that must soon happen everywhere in Kentucky, which has already taken place in and around Louisville; whether any general measure of relief be adopted or not, free white labor will cast out slave labor, and those who are able to employ servants at all, will employ the free and the white, whether the Canaanite remain in the land or not.

A. C.—H.

J. D. Nourse.

From the following notice in the New York Tribune, it will be seen that Mr. Nourse is about to deliver a course of lectures in New York. We have no doubt of his success. From the remarks of the editor of the Tribune, we infer that he has never been "out West." Here we do not consider Louisville an obscure place, inasmuch as it contains near 50,000 inhabitants, and might have contained a good many more. The establishment of Messrs. Morton & Griswold, the publishers of Mr. Nourse's work, is as extensive as most of the bookstores in the Eastern cities. "The West" is a place of considerable size, and Morton & Griswold's books are found everywhere in it. The difficulty here is that most persons seldom look at a book till it is placed in Eastern papers. The Louisville Journal, which, we suppose, has a circulation several times as great as that of the Home Legation, spoke highly of "The Past and its Legacy" on its first appearance. Yet few, we believe, besides the writer of the notice, read the book before it had been lauded in Eastern papers.

J. D. Nourse, Esq., of Bardonia, Ky., the author of "The Legacies of the Past," one of the most profound and luminous books upon the Philosophy of Society, that has appeared in this country, arrived in town a day or two since, and is staying at the Astor House. Mr. Nourse's work, to which we have alluded, was the subject of an elaborate and masterly review, in several numbers of "The Home Journal," last summer. The opinion was expressed at the time that it was one of the most powerful and original compositions that had been produced by any young author since Edmund Burke made his advent in the literary world. By this work he has advanced the cause of giving a series of public discourses upon the nation and the era, and their relations, obligations, duties, and destinies.

The Nourse Quarterly Review.

We have read the December number of this periodical with great pleasure. Its articles are full of life and interest. The first is on the Political Destination of America, and a more discriminating, pungent, lively, thought-stirring article, we have not read for a long while. As a faint we had to find with it, that in the style there seems an effort for intensity of expression, a straining for effect. So vigorous a writer has no occasion for studied staidness. His burning thoughts will readily enough find burning words in which to express themselves, and he need have no anxiety about producing an effect. Effect in thoughts, not in words, and thoughts capable of effect are never uttered in vain.

And one further suggestion we must make—Why not stick to the exact truth? Why say that all the pulpits in the land are in favor of slavery? Truth, simple, plain truth is always the best. It is not always apocryphal, but we cannot live on spice. In fact, we can do without spice and yet live.

The second article, on the Legality of American slavery, does not convince us of the soundness of its positions. The object of the writer, to prove the illegality of slavery, has, of course, our sympathy, but we fear he fails in his accomplishment. Were illegality and immorality synonymous terms, the end proposed could be easily attained; but, unfortunately, much that is very immoral in this world is very legal. Legality does not always claim relationship to the family of Right, not even cousinship in the most remote degree.

The third article is an able and, to us, convincing dissertation on the Law of Evidence. The point which the writer would establish is, that evidence should be admitted without regard to the religious belief of the witness, to his interest, or want of interest in the question at issue. "We would utterly abolish the distinctions of competency or incompetency, as applicable to witnesses. The credibility of testimony alone should be regarded."

The fourth article is a pleasing notice of that interesting writer, Walter Savage Landor.

The fifth article presents a sketch of the new Tide-Theory of Capt. Davis, of the U. S. Coast Survey.

Postal reform is the subject of the sixth article, and it is reform with a vengeance. No one can accuse the writer of proposing half-way measures. One cent for all distances by sea and land is the rate proposed. Nonsense, do you say, dear reader? Don't you say so, until you have read the article. Read it. We promise you will be entertained, if not convinced.

The seventh article is an able discussion of the Free-Soil movement.

The number closes with short reviews and notices. To all who love to think we commend the number of the Review. All who dread the trouble of thinking, and to whom things, as they are, are just as things ought to be, should be warned not to open this, or any number of the work.

The cholera at New York, the authorities and their physicians declare, still advanced a decided diminution. At quarantine, where there are no new cases, disinfectants have been freely used, and they give assurance that every sanitary care has been taken in the city.

The California gold sent to Philadelphia by the Secretary of War, was assayed on Friday last, and found to be in quality considerable above the standard of the gold coinage.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.—The National debt, according to the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury is \$99,805,104 66.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

NOTES ON MEDICAL MATTERS AND MEDICAL MEN IN LONDON AND PARIS. By David W. Yandell, M.D.

This volume consists of articles contributed to the Louisville Medical Journal while the author was a student of medicine in Europe. They were received with great favor by the profession, and some copies have been bound for the use of the author's friends. These letters furnish evidence of the young author's talents and industry. They show that he went abroad for the purpose of study. The volume contains much that must be highly interesting to the members of the medical profession; it certainly gives valuable information on subjects of interest to the general reader.

ROSWELL C. SMITH'S QUARTO GEOGRAPHY.—R. M. SMITH'S MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

These two works are in the quarto form—a form which dispenses with the necessity of having the maps in a separate volume. This form is decidedly superior to the old, being more convenient for both teacher and pupil. The cheapness is also a recommendation. Either of these works contains a sufficient amount of geographical knowledge for all school purposes. By mastering what is contained in one of these volumes, the pupil will have a better idea of geography than he will by attempting to learn all that is comprised in larger works.

Each of these works has its excellencies. The former has a larger number of illustrations, while those in the latter are executed in better style.

For a copy of the former we are indebted to Messrs. Bradley & Anthony, of Cincinnati, and for one of the latter to Messrs. Morton & Griswold, of Louisville.

CHAMBERS' EDUCATIONAL COURSE.—We have received from Mr. J. V. Cowling, copies of several works belonging to this course, and have examined them with the greatest satisfaction. These volumes were originally published in Edinburgh, and have been republished in this country by A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York. All the publications of the Chambers' have met with a very extensive sale, and nearly all have been republished in this country. The books belonging to the Educational Course, previous to republication in this country passed through the hands of Dr. D. M. Reese, who has made many valuable additions. The volumes before us are:

1. Elements of Physiology. By Dr. G. Hamilton.
2. Elements of Geology. By David Page.
3. Elements of Chemistry. By D. B. Reid, M.D., F.R.S.E.
4. Elements of Zoology.
5. Elements of Drawing and Perspective. By John Clark.

These works seem to us admirably arranged for the use of schools. They do not contain more flippant talk about science, but solid information imparted in a scientific manner. Many school books, instead of presenting science as a dignified lady, bring her before us as a slattern, slopped, with careless dress, and unbecoming hair. In these books, she never loses our respect.

CHAMBERS' MISCELLANY.—We are indebted for the concluding numbers of this delightful Miscellany to Mr. G. W. Noble, who now has the work complete. If any parent wishes to give his child a holiday present which will be read with eagerness, and loved and valued more highly after it has been read, let him buy this work. And when the child has laid down a volume, the parent may take it up, and be as much delighted as the child. It will thus "bleed him that gives, and him that takes." In the whole series, it will be difficult to find a page which is not full of instructive and interesting matter.

GOREY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We neglected in our last number to acknowledge the reception of the January No. of this Magazine. It is a decided improvement upon preceding numbers, and the publisher promises that there shall be no falling off during the year. We believe that he always fulfills his promises. This magazine must have an immense circulation, if the publisher is repaid for the expense incurred in procuring engravings. In this number there are articles from the pens of Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Elliot, Miss Leslie, Grace Greenwood, Pitt-Greene Hallcock, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving, T. S. Arthur, and other distinguished writers.

LEWIS'S FREE SOIL, SLAVERY AND TERRITORIAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—The publisher has favored us with a copy of this map which shows at a glance, the relative size of the free and the slave States, and the extent of the territory which has not yet been formed into States. It will be found to be very useful. There is a considerable amount of statistical information connected with the map. Among other things, we are told that in the Revolutionary War, the proportion of troops to the population was:

In New England, - - -	1 to 7
In the three Middle States, - - -	1 to 16 1/2
In the six Southern States, - - -	1 to 24
In Massachusetts, - - -	1 to 7
In Connecticut, - - -	1 to 12 1/2
In Pennsylvania, - - -	1 to 12
In Virginia, - - -	1 to 22
In Georgia, - - -	1 to 20
In South Carolina, - - -	1 to 37

ABBOTT'S HISTORY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—

This is the first volume of a series

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Literary World.

STEYERMARK.

BY J. HAYWARD TAYLOR.

In Steyermark—green Steyermark,
The fields are bright and the forests dark—
Bright with the meads that bind the sheaves,
Dark with the solemn arch of leaves.
Voices and strains of sweet bells chime
Over the land, in the harvest time,
And the blithe songs of the fawn and hawk
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—old Steyermark,
The mountains are white and stark;
The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below;
The stormy Danube claps the wave
That downward sweeps with the Drave and Save,
And the Fuxine is whitened with many a bark,
Freighted with ores of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—rough Steyermark,
The avails ring from dawn till dark;
The molten streams of the furnace glare,
Blistering with crimson the midnight air;
The lusty voices of foremen chime,
Chanting the ballad of "Stieglitz's Sword,"
While ponderous hammers the chorus mark,
And this is the music of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—dear Steyermark!
Hearts are glad as the morning lark;
There men are framed in the manly mould
Of their stalwart sires, of the days of old;
And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,
When love descends with the twilight dark,
In the beechen groves of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—brave Steyermark,
The flame of freedom has left a spark,
Whose lingering glow, in her radiant gleam,
Is kept alive with the iron men!
Ere long, the slaves of a tyrant's breath
Shall be driven beyond the Hills of Death,
And the beacon-novels of her mountain mark
The banners of the Steyermark!

—Dr. Toller's "The Hills of Death" divide the Alpine province of Steyermark from Austria proper.

The Great Hogarty Diamond.

BY W. N. THACKERAY, AUTHOR "VANITY FAIR."

This is a slight sketch by Mr. Thackeray, but a very entertaining one, written before the author had tasked his powers to enter the great field of English fiction, alongside of his great masters, as he has done in *Vanity Fair*, and while with free and careless pencil he was lavishly expending the treasures at his command, neglectful of labor for posterity. Mr. Thackeray has been the most prodigious man of his talents in England. For many years, undoubtedly one of the most original and brilliant authors of the day, he has been content that this should be recognised by the few who can detect merit and the highest capabilities through the minor forms of literature, and in the perishable leaves of the magazines of the day. While writers of far inferior ability were stepping forward and assuming the public attention, by aid of their own pretence and the lusty efforts of booksellers, Mr. Thackeray was hiding wit, humor, feeling, knowledge of life, and the keenest satire, under one or other of the humble disguises of Mr. Michael Angelo Timmarsh. These clever things were all of course felt and acknowledged, but no one thought of talking of the author in the same breath with Fielding, till "Vanity Fair" began to assume its full proportions before the public.

The Great Hogarty Diamond is a playful affair, thrown off in a vein of great good humor, with distinctly marked traits of character, and several passages of touching character, worthy of being bound up with Fielding's "Amelia." The affair of the diamond is a gift of that article in a brooch, to young Mr. Timmarsh, by his aunt Hogarty; he goes to London with it, where a family-hunting old lady gets sight of it, and the young gentleman has a ride in her coach in the Park, with an uneasy contact with high life. The several humors of high and low life are admirably kept up, particularly in the easy independence of Mr. Timmarsh, and his good natured friend, "Gus Hoskins." The diamond brooch has a flavor of gentility about it, and brings up various adventures—the old Aunt Hogarty being capably hit off, as Miss Crawley has been since. Mary, the wife, is simple, natural, an English rosebud. The scene at Lady Timmarsh's, in chapter xii., could not be surpassed by Dickens. Mr. Timmarsh is in prison, when the wife is induced to take this extraordinary means for his relief. She has just lost her only child—but the passage we quote will tell all that in Mrs. Stokes' narrative.

A BIT OF NATURE.

"A sudden thought came over me. 'My dear Mrs. Timmarsh,' says I, 'you know how poor and how good your husband is!'"
"Yes, says she, rather surprised."
"Well, my dear," said I, looking her hard in the face, "Lady Timmarsh, who knows him, wants a nurse for her son, Lord Poyning. Will you be a brave woman, and look for the place, and maybe replace the little one, that God has taken from you?"

"She began to tremble and blush; and then I told her what you, Mr. Sam, had told me the other day about your money matters; and no sooner did she hear it, than she sprang to her bonnet, and said, 'Come, come,' and in five minutes she had me by the arm, and we walked together to Grosvenor square. The air did her no harm. Mr. Sam, and during the whole of the walk she never cried but once, and then it was at seeing a nursery-maid in the square."

"A great fellow in livery opens the door, and says, 'You're the forty-fifth as come about this place; but, fust, let me ask you a preliminary question. Are you a Hibernian?'"

"No, sir," says Mrs. T.
"That sufficient, men," says the gentleman in livery; "I see you're not by your aunt. Step this way, ladies, if you please. You'll find some more candid for the place up stairs; but I sent away forty-four happy-dances, because they were Irish."

"We were taken up stairs over very soft carpets, and brought into a room, and told by an old lady, who was there, to speak very softly, for my lady was only two rooms off. And when I asked how the baby and her ladyship were, the old lady told me both were pretty well; only the doctor said Lady Timmarsh was too delicate to nurse any longer, and so was considered necessary to have a wet nurse."

"There was another young woman in the room—tall, fine woman as ever you saw—that looked very angry and contemptuous at Mrs. T. and me, and said, 'I've brought a letter from the duchess whose daughter I must; and I think, Mrs. Blenkinsop, my lady Timmarsh may look far before she finds such another nurse as me. Five feet six high, had the small-pox, married to a corporal in the life-guards, perfectly healthy, best of characters, could drink water, and as for the child, ma'am, if her ladyship had six, I've a plenty for them all!'"

"As the woman was making this speech, a little gentleman in black came in from the next room, treading as if on velvet. The woman got up, and made him a low

courtesy, and folding her arms on her great broad chest, repeated the speech she had made before. Mrs. T. did not get up from her chair, but only made a sort of bow; which, to be sure, I thought was ill mannered, as this gentleman was evidently the apothecary. He looked hard at her, and said, 'Well, my good woman, and are you come about the place, too?'"

"Yes, sir, says she, blushing.
"You seem very delicate. How old is your child? How many have you had?—What character have you?"

"Your wife didn't answer a word; so I stepped up, and said, 'Sir,' says I, 'this lady has just lost her first child, and isn't used to look for places, being the daughter of a captain in the navy; so you'll excuse her want of manners in not getting up when you came in!'"

"The doctor at this, sat down and began talking very kindly to her; he said he was afraid that her application would be unsuccessful, as Mrs. Horner came very strongly recommended from the Duchess of Doncaster, whose relative, Lady Timmarsh, was, and presently my lady appeared, looking very pretty, ma'am, in an elegant lace-cap, and a sweet muslin robe-de-chambre."

"A nurse came out of her ladyship's room with her; and while my lady was talking to us, walked up and down in the next room with something in her arms."

"First my lady spoke to Mrs. Horner, and then to Mrs. T.; but all the while she was talking, Mrs. Timmarsh, rather rudely as I thought, ma'am, was looking into the next room; looking—looking at the baby there with all her might. My lady asked her her name, and if she had any character; and as she did not speak, I spoke up for her, and said she was the wife of the best man in the world; that her ladyship knew the gentleman, too, and had brought him a launch of venison. Then Lady Timmarsh looked up quite astonished, and I told the whole story how you had been head clerk, and that rascal, Brough, had brought you to ruin. 'Poor thing!' said my lady; Mrs. Timmarsh did not speak, but I kept looking at the baby; and the great big grenadier of a Mrs. Horner looked angrily at her."

"'Poor thing!' said my lady, taking Mrs. T.'s hand very kind, 'she seems very young. How old are you, my dear?'"

"Five weeks and two days," says your wife, sobbing.

"Mrs. Horner burst into a laugh; but there was a tear in my lady's eyes, for she knew what the poor thing was thinking of. 'Silence, woman!' says she angrily to the great grenadier woman, and at this moment the child in the next room began crying."

"As soon as your wife heard the noise she sprang from her chair and made a step forward, and put both her hands to her breast, and said, 'The child—the child—give it me!' and then began to cry again.
"My lady looked at her for a moment, and then ran into the next room and brought her the baby, and the baby clung to her as if he knew her; and a pretty sight it was to see that dear woman with the child at her bosom."

"When my lady saw it, what do you think she did? After looking on for a moment, she put her arms round your wife's neck, and kissed her."

"My dear," said she, 'I am sure you are as good as you are pretty, and you shall keep the child, and thank God for sending you to me!'"

"These were her very words; and Dr. Bland, who was standing by, says, 'It's a second judgment of Solomon!'"

"I suppose, my lady, you don't want me?" says the big woman, with another courtesy.
"Not in the least!" answers my lady, haughtily, and the grenadier left the room; and then I told all your story at full length, and Mrs. Blenkinsop kept me to tea, and I saw the beautiful room that Mrs. Timmarsh is to have next to Lady Timmarsh's; and when my lord came home, what does he do but insist upon coming back with me here in a hackney-coach, as he said he must apologise to you for keeping your wife away."

A life insurance company, the "Diditell," with its manager, Mr. Brough, is very well worked up, and, though a passage may here and there look a little caricatured, there is a vein of nature and real life which sustains the whole.

Literary World.

Publishers and Authors.

An interesting article lately appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* on literary affairs, of which the following, suggestive of an occasional "sober second thought" to publishers and of the *nil desperandum* to authors, is quite quotable for its anecdotes.

"Some of our most approved standard works went begging from publisher to publisher, and were only accepted by a sort of accident at last. *Prideaux's Connection between the Old and New Testament* was, for instance, handed from hand to hand, between five or six booksellers, for two years. By one publisher the author was gravely told that the subject was dry; it should be enlivened with a little humor." At last Edward recommended it to Tansan. *Robinson Crusoe* it is well known, ran through the whole trade; finally, a bookseller, more knowing than his brethren, published it, and realised a thousand pounds from it. *Tristram Shandy* was offered by Sterne to a bookseller for fifty pounds, and was rejected; Dodsley eventually published it. The public, too, were oftentimes as stupid as the publishers. For instance, the *Romance* was perfectly unsuccessful at first; only ten copies were sold in five days, at length Garrick, finding his own praises in it, patronised it, and Churchill reaped a harvest from its sale. Gray's *Ode on Eton College*, according to Watson, excited very little attention. What may surprise some people still more is, that Blair's *Sermons* were refused by Sirahan the publisher. To turn to another class of works. Burns' *Justice* was sold by its author for a small sum, for he was weary, as he declared, of importuning booksellers to buy it; it now realises an annual income. Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* was purchased for five pounds.

"In light literature the author was also sacrificed to his own penny and eagerness, and to the blindness or cupidity of the publisher. Miss Burney's *Evelina*, all the world can remember, sold for five pounds; *The Wanderer*, by Savage, produced only ten; *The Vicar of Wakefield* was purchased, it is true, for the sum of sixty guineas, but it gained not that success until the traveler had made its author's name famous. The narrow escape which Fielding had of selling his *Tom Jones* for an old song, must not be omitted. He had disposed of the copy right of this work for twenty-five pounds, when in great distress. Thompson, however, happening to see the manuscript, advised his friend to get rid of his bargain, promising to introduce the novelist to Andrew Miller, the eminent publisher. Accordingly, Miller and Fielding met at a tavern. 'Mr. Fielding,' said the publisher,

"I always determine on affairs of this sort at once." He paused—the heart of the author sank. Mr. Miller resumed: 'I cannot offer more than two hundred pounds for your work.' 'Two hundred pounds!' cried the delighted Fielding; and rushing from his chair he shook the publisher by the hand, then turning to the bell, summoned the waiter, and ordered two more bottles of wine. Alas, poor Fielding! there was no saving that ill-starred, ill-conditioned, but most interesting man, from ruin. The independence of Fielding was of short duration; eventually he borrowed upon his works five hundred pounds from Miller, a sum which that generous man cancelled in his will. One sickness over these details, which bring to the mind the heartache of many a true genius, the disappointment, the degradation, the despair. We dare not dilate on modern days, one trait of which will perhaps suffice. *The Pleasures of Hope* were refused by every publisher of London and Edinburgh, and were only published at last on condition that the author should be content with the sum of ten pounds only, and that not until a second edition had appeared."

The Ancient Egyptian Painting.

They teach us to be modest and patient in regard to our knowledge of the ancient world, by showing us that while we have been talking confidently of the six thousand years of human existence, and about who was who in the earliest days, we have in reality known nothing about it. They rebuke us sufficiently in showing us that at that time men were living very much as we do—without some knowledge that we have gained, but in possession of some art which they had not. They confound us by their mute exhibitions of their iron tools and steel armor, their great range of manufactures, and their feats and sports, so like our own. In their kitchens they decant their wine by a siphon, and stew their sweet cakes with seeds, and pound their spices in a mortar. In their drawing-rooms, they lounge on chaises-longues, and the ladies knit and net as we do, and dam betwixt them we can. I saw at Dr. Abbott's a piece of mending left unfinished several thousand years ago, which any Englishwoman might be satisfied with or proud of. In the nursery the little girls had dolls; jointed dolls, with bushy hair and long eyes as our dolls have blue and fair tresses. And the babies had, not the woolly brown dogs which yelp in our nurseries, but little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. In the country we see the agriculturists taking stock; and in the towns, the population divided into castes, subject to laws, and living under a theocracy, long before the supposed time of the Deluge. There is enough here to teach us some humility and patience about the true history of the world.—*Miss Martineau's Eastern Life.*

How the Critic was Flashed.

It is a well authenticated fact that two days before the *Critic* was announced to be played, Sheridan had not finished the last scene. Every body was anxious and nervous. Mr. Linley and Dr. Ford were in no enviable state; they were jointly managers and responsible. The performers looked at each other with dread and dismay. King, who had the part of *Puff* to sustain, was the stage-manager. It was his special duty to find out Sheridan, and to weary him with remonstrances on the backward state of things; but matters went on much as usual. Sheridan came to the theatre, made the customary promise that he was just going home to finish it; that, in fact, it was completed, and only wanted an additional line or two. His father-in-law, Linley, knew the only spur to his industry and his genius. He therefore ordered a night rehearsal, invited Sheridan to dine with him, gave him a capital dinner, and proposed a lounge to Drury-lane whilst the supper was preparing. Sheridan assented, and they strolled together up and down the stage previous to the rehearsal, when King stepped up to Sheridan, requested a moment's audience, and went with him into the small green-room, where there was a comfortable fire, a good arm-chair, a table furnished with pens, ink, and paper, two bottles of claret, a tempting dish of anchovy sandwiches, and the prompter's unfinished copy of the *Critic*. King, immediately Sheridan entered the room, popped out, locked the door, when Ford and Linley made their pleasure known to him, that he was to finish the wine and the force, but not to be allowed to stir out of the room until they were both at hand. Sheridan laughed at the joke, set too in good earnest, and finished the work to the delight of all parties.—*Sheridan's Works and Life: Bohn's Standard Library.*

Macaulay's "History."

The following is an extract from the preface of Macaulay's long expected history of England, soon to be issued by the Messrs. Harper of New York. After taking a general survey of the changes from the accession of James II. to the present century, the period embraced in his work he remarks—

"Unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this chequered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breast of all patriots. For the history of our country for the last hundred and sixty years, is eminent for the history of physical, of moral, and intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay, but no man who is correctly informed, as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present."

"I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people, as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect, even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture and repeats, and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century, a true picture of the life of their ancestors. The events which I propose to relate, form only a single act of a great and eventful drama extending through ages, and must be very imperfectly understood, unless the plot of the preceding acts be well known. I shall, therefore, introduce my narrative by a slight sketch of the history of our country, from the earliest times. I shall pass very rapidly over many centuries, but I shall dwell at some length on the vicissitudes of that contest which the administration of King James the Second brought to a decisive crisis."

Haydn's Early Life.

Poor, freezing with cold, in a miserable garret, he studied by the side of his old broken harpsicord; the ardor of his genius alone led to animate him in contending with the difficulties of the way. At length he was fortunate enough to obtain some lessons in Italian singing from his introduction to the family of a Venetian nobleman, Ambassador at Vienna. The famous Porpora was still retained in his household, and Haydn most eagerly sought his favor, in the hope of obtaining also his instruction. Humiliation, and many a "hope deferred," he had to endure; for Porpora was ill-tempered beyond conception, and although poor Haydn rose early every morning to brush his coat and shoes, and arrange his wig in the nicest order, in expectation of propitiating him, he had seldom more than the polite epithet of "fool" bestowed on him for his pains. And this was the future illustrious author of the "Creation." At the age of nineteen, his voice breaking, he was expelled from his class at Stephen's Church, where he had sung eleven years, and his only asylum was in the house of a wigmaker named Keller. Unfortunately his residence there had a fatal influence on his after life; for his host, too desirous seemingly of making ample provision for his young guest, proposed uniting him to one of his daughters, whilst Haydn was engrossed in his studies, having no thoughts of love, made no objection; and afterwards keeping his word with scrupulous honor, the union proved far from happy. On leaving the house of his friend Keller (we do not know for what reason), for six long years he endured a bitter conflict against penury so piercing, that often during winter he was obliged to lay in bed for want of fuel and other necessities. An opportunity at last presented itself of improving his circumstances; for by chance, the Prince Esterhazy, a passionate amateur of music, was present at a concert which very opportunely commenced with one of Haydn's pieces. The delight of the Prince was unbounded, and he immediately appointed the composer sub-director of his orchestra, and he demanded who he was. Haydn, in fear and trembling, advanced, when the Prince exclaimed "What is the little Moor?" (alluding to his complexion.) Then addressing him, added, "Go and dress yourself as my chapel-master. You must never appear again in my presence in the plight you are now.—You are too little, and have a pitiful looking face. Get a new coat and high heeled shoes, that your stature may correspond with your mind." Haydn was too happy at his appointment to feel much chagrin at his equivocal style of compliment.—*Ainsworth.*

Breaking up of a River.

On the 12th of May, Hayes River, which had been covered for nearly eight months with a coat of ice upwards of six feet thick, gave way before the floods occasioned by the melting snow, and all the inmates of the fort rushed out to the banks upon hearing the news that the river was "going."

"On reaching the gate the sublimity of the spectacle that met our gaze can scarcely be imagined. The noble river, here nearly two miles broad, was entirely covered with huge blocks and jagged lumps of ice, rolling and dashing against each other in chaotic confusion, as the swelling floods heaved them up, and swept them with irresistible force towards Hudson's Bay. In one place, where the masses were too close packed to admit of violent collision, they ground against each other with a slow but powerful motion, that curled their hard edges up like paper, till the smaller lumps, unable to bear the pressure, were ground to powder, and with a loud crash, the rest hurried on to renew the struggle elsewhere; while the ice above, whirling swiftly round in the clear space thus formed, as if delighted at its sudden release, hurried onwards. In another place, where it was not so closely packed, a huge lump suddenly ground on a shallow; and in a moment the rolling masses, which were hurrying towards the sea with the velocity of a cataract, were precipitated on it with a noise like thunder, and the tremendous pressure from above, forcing block upon block with a loud, hissing noise, raised, as if by magic, an icy castle in the air, which, ere its pinnacles had pointed for a second to the sky, fell with stunning violence into the boiling flood from whence it rose. In a short time afterwards the mouth of the river became so full of ice that it stuck there, and in less than an hour the water rose ten or fifteen feet, nearly to a level with the top of the bank. In this state it continued for a week; and then, about the end of May, the whole floated quietly out to sea, and the cheerful river gurgled along its bed with many a curling eddy and watery dimple rippling its placid face, as if it smiled to think of having overcome its powerful enemy, and at last burst its prison walls.—*Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.*

Humble Origin of Literary and Scientific Men.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours to do? What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? I liken to these facts! One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper, in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker, in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter in the Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker, in Banff; the late Dr. Milner, of China, was a herdsman in Rhylia; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a saddler, at Huntly; the leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £7,000 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest iron founder in England was a working man, in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Flume was a sailor at first, and then a laborer at the pestle and mortar, at Montrose. Mr. McGregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy, in Rosshire; Mr. Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ulster Thule.—*English Paper.*

Woman's Love.

Like a diamond in the sun,
Or a wreath of honor won;
Like the bright effulgent light
Bursting from the stars of night;
Boundless as the ocean—yet
Gentle as the rivulet—
Such is woman's love.

Like the lustre of the dawn,
Or the dew of early morn;
Like the firmament on high—
Ardent as the chameleon dye;
Faithful as the Polar gem,
Feeble as the didem—
Such is woman's love.

We may look for happiness in the world, but not in the things of the world. We shall find it, if anywhere, within ourselves—in our hearts and tempers.

Macaulay's "History," from Literary World.

The army which now became supreme in the state, was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as to seduce any but the humblest class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer.—The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude.—These persons, sober, moral, diligent, accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre, that they were no janissaries, but freeborn Englishmen, who, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties which, if allowed to any other troops, would have proved subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal versed in scripture should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organisation and a religious organisation could exist without destroying military organisation. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field-preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage characteristic of the English people was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated.—Other leaders have maintained order as strict. Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the fiercest enthusiasm. From the time when the army was remodeled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found either in the British Islands, or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against three fold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Tuene was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy, and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counter-scarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists that, in that singular camp, no foath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redcoats. Not one of the plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths. But a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell.—One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to restrain his pikemen and dragoons from invading by main force the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time, were not savory; and too many of our cathedrals still bear the marks of the hatred with which those stern sardis regarded every vestige of popery."

A Ship among Icebergs.

It is impossible to convey a correct idea of the beauty, the magnificence, of some of the scenes through which we passed. Thousands of the most grotesque, fanciful, and beautiful icebergs and icefields surrounded on all sides, intersected by numerous serpentine canals, which glittered in the sun (for the weather was fine all the time we were in the straits) like threads of silver, twining round round ridges of ice. The masses assumed every variety of form and size, and many of each bore such a striking resemblance to cathedrals, churches, columns, arches and spires that I could almost fancy we had been transported to one of the floating cities of Fairy Land. The rapid motion, too, of our ship, in what appeared a dead calm, added much to the magical effect of the scene. A light but steady breeze urged her along, with considerable velocity, through a maze of ponds and canals, which, from the immense quantity of ice that surrounded them, were calm and untroubled as the surface of a mill-pond. Not a sound disturbed the delightful stillness of nature, save the gentle rippling of the vessel's bow as she sped on her way, or the occasional puffing of a lazy whale, awakened from a nap by our unceremonious intrusion on his domains. Now and then, however, my revivies were disagreeably interrupted by the ship coming into sudden contact with huge

lumps of ice. This happened occasionally when we arrived at the termination of one of those natural canals through which we passed, and found it necessary to force our way into the next. These concussions were sometimes very severe, and even made the ship's bell ring, but we heeded this little, as the vessel was provided with huge blocks of timber on her bows, called ice-pieces, and was besides built expressly for sailing in the northern seas. It only became annoying at meal times, when a spoonful of soup would sometimes make a little private excursion of its own, over the shoulder of its owner, instead of into his mouth. As we proceeded, the ice became more closely packed, and at last compelled us to bore through it. The ship, however, was never altogether detained, though much retarded. I recollect, while thus surrounded, filling a bucket with water from a pool on the ice, to see whether it was fresh or not, as I had been rather sceptical upon this point. It was excellent, and might almost compete with the water from the famous spring of Crawley.—*Ballantyne's Hudson's Bay.*

Balance of Power.

It was long a moot question amongst jurists, how far an interference is justified when a State already powerful is increasing her power to such an extent as to become an object of terror to her neighbors. It is the unquestionable right of every State to multiply its resources, as well by internal improvement as by external aggrandisement, provided it does not violate the rights of other States. "Nevertheless," says Professor Martens, "it may so happen that the aggrandisement of a State already powerful, and the preponderance arising from it, may sooner or later endanger the safety and liberty of the neighboring States. In such cases there arises a collision of rights, which authorizes the latter to oppose by alliances, and even by force of arms, so dangerous an aggrandisement; without the least regard to its lawfulness." Grotius, on the other hand, denies that "the dread of our neighbor's increasing strength, is a warrantable ground for our taking up arms against him;" and with him Vattel concurs. The wars undertaken for the preservation of that famous system known, from its operation, as the balance of power, naturally suggested this question. It is one on which no doubt can reasonably be entertained at this time. We have no right even to complain of a neighbor who is enlarging his dominions by colonization, or strengthening his frontier with fortifications, unless we have good reason to apprehend that he is meditating aggressions on us. If we have reason to suspect that his intentions are hostile, we shall naturally place ourselves in a posture of defence; but assuredly the naked fact that he is increasing his power, and by means in themselves perfectly legitimate, will give no title to our interference.—*Polson's Principles of the Law of Nations.*

Music with a Meaning.

At that time an intimate and highly accomplished friend of my wife's who was also a very sensible woman, a fine musician, and considered one of the best private performers in the county, came on a visit.—The conversation turned on music, and Coleridge, speaking of himself, observed, "I believe I have no ear for music, but have a taste for it." He then explained the delight he received from Mozart, and how greatly he enjoyed the dithyrambic movement of Beethoven; but could never find pleasure in the fashionable modern composers. It seemed to him "playing tricks with music, like nonsense verses. Music to please me," added he, "must have a subject." Our friend appeared struck with the observation. "I understand you, sir," she replied, and immediately seated herself at the piano. "Have the kindness to listen to the three following airs, which I played on a certain occasion extempore, as substitutes for words. Will you try to guess the meaning I wished to convey, and I shall then ascertain the extent of my success. She instantly gave us the first air. His reply was immediate. "That is clear, it is solicitation." "When I played this air," observed the lady, "to a dear friend whom you know, she turned to me, saying, 'What do you want?'" I told her the purport of my air was to draw her attention to her dress, as she was going out with me to take a drive by the sea-shore without her cloak." Our visitor then called Coleridge's attention to her second air: it was short and expressive. To this he answered, "that is easily told: it is remonstrance." "Yes," replied she, "for my friend again showing the same inattention, I played this second extemporaneous air, in order to remonstrate with her." We now listened to the third and last air. He requested her to repeat it, which she did. "That," said he, "I cannot understand." To this she replied, "It is, I believe a subject, naming at the same time the subject she had wished to convey. Coleridge's answer was, 'That is a sentiment, and cannot be well expressed in music.'—*Gillman's Life of Coleridge.*

Nelson.

Human nature is very frail. No man ever had a stronger sense of it under the influence of a sense of justice than Lord Nelson. He was loath to inflict punishment, and when he was obliged as he called it, "to endure the torture of seeing men flogged," he came out of his cabin with a hurried step, ran into the gangway, made his bow to the general, and reading the articles of war the culprit had infringed, said, "Honesty, do your duty." The lash was instantly applied, and consequently the sufferer exclaimed, "forgive me, Admiral, forgive me!" On such occasions Lord Nelson would look around with wild anxiety, and, as all his officers kept silence, he would say, "what! none of you speak for him? Avast! cast him off!" And then add to the suffering culprit, "Jack, in the day of battle remember me!" and he became a good fellow in future. A poor man was about to be flogged, a landman, and few pitied him. His offence was drunkenness. As he was being tied up, a lovely girl, contrary to all rules, rushed through the officers and, falling on her knees, clasped Nelson's hand, in which were the articles of war, and exclaiming, "Pray, forgive him, your honor, and he shall never offend again!" "Your face," said the admiral, "is a security for his good behaviour. Let him go; the fellow cannot be bad who has such a lovely creature in his care." This man rose to be a lieutenant; his name was William Pye.

The Muffled Drum.

While a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a captain, a strict disciplinarian, observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered the lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the captain." This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed, "why didn't the drummer say he was ill? I don't want men to do duty when they are not able."—*War in Mexico.*

From Holmes' New Poems.

FOR A TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE TO WHICH LADIES WERE INVITED.
(New York Mercantile Library Association, November, 1852.)

A health to dear woman! she bids us untwine
From the cap it encircles, the fast claspings;
But her cheek in its crystal with gleams will glow,
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.
A health to sweet woman! the days are no more
When she watched for her lord till the reel
was over,
And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair,
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share,
His eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dimmed in his wine.
Joy smiles in the fountain, health down in the
rills,
As their rills of silver nailing from the hills;
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal
dream,
But the lilies of innocence float on their stream.